



ISN'T it possible for you to deprive yourself of some little unnecessary extravagance and start a bank account with that money?

You worked for that money—It is yours; why let it go to help some other man's family?

It is safe in our bank. Our bank takes an interest in its depositors and helps them.

The Old Reliable
IRON COUNTY NATIONAL BANK
3% Capital \$50,000—Surplus \$20,000
3% INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS 3%
MAKE OUR BANK YOUR BANK
James F. Corcoran, President—Chas. H. Watson, Vice Pres.—Jas. J. Gaffney, Cashier

Personals

Sheriff Wilson was a business visit at Iron River last Wednesday.

HOUSE FOR RENT—On Marquette avenue. Mrs. Lydia Pearse.

The picture of the hour, "Draft 258" at the U-NO theatre Friday, March 29.

Miss May Consette visited her home at Crystal Falls over Sunday.—Reporter.

Gen. Mgr. M. E. Richards went to Chicago last Sunday night on a business trip, returning on Wednesday.

Edward Ponchaud of Stambaugh visited at the home of his parents at Crystal Falls over Sunday and Monday.—Reporter.

Word from Iron River is to the effect that the Kenosha plan has been adopted by the three townships of Iron River, Stambaugh and Bates. A committee of 17 is to manage the fund.

Miss Stella O'Brien, who left in January to take the principalship of a school at Cornucopia, Bayfield county, Wisconsin, has been elected superintendent of a Sunday school which she assisted in organizing.—Reporter.

From every side we are hearing complaints about lice and other insect parasites on stock. The severe winter makes this condition much worse and almost everyone is more or less in need of something to kill these pests and put the stock in condition to thrive and put on flesh. Naturally the demand is for a material that is safe and easy to use. In other words, nobody wants to employ rank poisons on account of the ever present danger of a disastrous accident, and a material that requires a great deal of work to prepare, holling, mixing, settling, etc., is just as unpopular. It will be good news to all to know that there is a product on the market that fills the bill exactly. KRESO DIP No. 1 kills lice, ticks, mites, fleas, etc., cures scab, mange, ringworm and other skin diseases, yet when used as directed is practically free from caustic, injurious, irritating and poisonous qualities.

Get circulars and other information at—

REZIN'S DRUG STORE

WAS ON THE TUSCANIA.

Edw. Fitzgerald of Detroit, Writes Interestingly of Experience.

A number of Crystal Falls people know "Eddie" Fitzgerald, secretary to Mayor Marx of Detroit. Mr. Fitzgerald was a passenger on the Tuscania.

He was accompanied by A. E. Larned, Detroit manufacturer, both now being in France on a secret war mission. His story came in a letter to Mayor Marx. It was written in Dublin, Ireland, soon after the tragedy.

The two Detroiters were among the last persons to leave the ship, boarding a destroyer which came to their rescue one hour and 45 minutes after the ship was struck.

Of a 12-page letter, only three lines were stricken out by the censor.

The letter follows:

Dublin, Friday, Feb. 8, 1918.

Dear Mayor—Inasmuch as the admiralty has promptly released for publication both here and in America the facts connected with the sinking of the troop ship Tuscania, I feel that I may make brief mention of the disaster without violating the rules of censorship.

Ten Hours from Destination.

When you realize that we have traveled 14 days on the ocean without mishap and were within 10 hours of our destination when torpedoed, you may appreciate what a terrible shock it was to all.

Just an hour previous practically everyone on board had been enjoying introspectively a series of boxing which was staged on the aft hatches of the ship. A half hour in advance we had come into sight of land for the first time in 12 days.

The boys were in the best of spirits. Nearly all had written letters or cablegrams to be released immediately on docking informing their families of their "safe arrival." Little dreaming that these messages would never be forwarded to their destination.

Torpedo Strikes Home.

I had suffered with a cold and had remained inside until we came in sight of land. Then took a short walk about the deck with Mr. Larned. We had been ordered a few days before to carry our lifebelts with us all the time. Many of us conformed somewhat reluctantly with the regulations, believing that it was needless.

Just as it was growing dark I left Mr. Larned and went to my stateroom. I entered a notation in my diary for the day and then went up to the smoking room. Four or five of us were locating our direction in the ship's atlas.

"We'll be absolutely safe in 45 minutes," was the optimistic remark of the young Scotchman with a rich dialect. He claimed he knew the waters in that locality. Scotland being on our left and Ireland on our right at the time.

He had barely finished when the Tuscania met its doom. There was a loud report and a jar which made the 15,000 ton bulk tremble. Immediately the ship was in complete darkness. There was a frantic scramble for lifebelts.

I reached down for mine, and it was gone. The young Scotch lieutenant had picked it up by mistake, but he quickly returned it to me and I started for lifeboat No. 12, to which Mr. Larned and I had been assigned in the boat drills which had been conducted previously.

I would like to forget (but I know I never shall) the scenes that followed. The dreadful groping about in the dark of those who were trying to locate lifebelts and boats. The unsuccessful attempt to launch many of the lifeboats, the breaking of cables, which emptied scores of poor fellows into the bitter, cold water, the frantic and futile shouts of men who struggled as the huge seas choked and chilled them, and the slow but steady listing of the great ship on its starboard side.

Among the officers and, in the case of many of the men, the composure was remarkable. While the boats were being lowered emergency power, reit the lights and statements by members of the ship's crew that the boat might float for some time helped to allay fears.

With practically all of the lifeboats either launched or collapsed a shout of joy went up from the port side of the ship when a British destroyer with a hundred men slid down ropes and landed on the destroyed, which soon departed, leaving perhaps some 600 or 700 men still aboard, out of approximately 2,500 passengers.

Once more the lights commenced to grow dim, and finally were extinguished. There was a likelihood that no more destroyers would come, because it is the practice of the submarine commanders to shell or torpedo boats that are rescuing victims of a sinking ship.

Mr. Larned and I met boat No. 12 soon after the explosion. He had pulled on his lifebelt and I returned

to my stateroom for mine. While the boats were being launched there were terrible explosions. Whether they were shots which the destroyers were taking at the U-boat or whether they were torpedoes being fired from our ship as a signal of distress is more than I can say.

Our lifeboat was launched successfully before I reached the scenes. Mr. Larned, however, seeing what happened to other boats felt it best not to enter it, besides he wanted to wait for me and be sure I was safe.

When all of the lifeboats had been launched save one, and when it appeared that no more destroyers might come. It looked bad for us. Mr. Larned gripped my hand and said:

"Well, Eddie, if the worst comes to the worst, we've had a pretty good time, anyway."

I hated to believe that all hope was gone, although there wasn't much in sight to make one cheerful.

With a young lieutenant named Clark a splendid boy from Boston, we climbed to the topmost deck thinking that we might have to jump into the sea, rather than be carried down by suction in case the boat suddenly went below.

Some of the crew were trying to launch the last remaining lifeboat, with two women, the only ones in a list of 2,500 persons, as passengers. We had been told in the event of a disaster the crew would assist all in lowering the boats.

I had recollections of men and women being carried beneath by suction in the Titanic and Lusitania disasters. So I sought advice from one of the Scotch deckhands.

"Which side of the boat is it best to jump from?" I inquired as politely as I could.

"I don't know. This is a time when it's every 'man' for himself," he replied sharply.

I was rather a grim night and there wasn't much place for humor, yet I couldn't help but see something funny in the reply of a man who wouldn't even condescend to tell me which side of the boat to jump into the sea from.

Then we went below to "D" deck. We thought we saw a destroyer coming on the port side, but we were disappointed. It was at this time that the lights commencing to go out again. Then we heard someone at the fore end of the boat shout:

"Any Hundred squadron men down there?"

There were 20 or 30 of us on the port side. We hastened to the starboard side and discovered another destroyer waiting there. She had come up quietly in the darkness and had taken a couple of hundred men off before we knew she was there. With a shout of joy the boys who had been on our side of the boat leaped aboard. Mr. Larned and I by reason of having the heavy suits on were the last ones to reach the destroyer. I grabbed hold of a rail with one hand and took hold of Mr. Larned with the other. The destroyer was just pulling away and Mr. Larned was the last man to board her. He was literally rolled over from "B" deck by some of the crew one hour and forty-five minutes after the explosion.

I can't describe adequately just how grateful we felt and when I return I want to meet the man who inquires ironically, "What is the British navy doing in this war?"

As a matter of fact, at least 1,500 of our passengers, perhaps more, would have been lost had it not been for the supreme courage of the men of those destroyers. They took frightful chances of being blown to pieces in pulling up alongside the Tuscania.

We owe our lives to the bravery of the British Jackies. Fortunately, the destroyer did not linger after we got aboard, and they headed us for a port some 60 miles away. It was then that I experienced seasickness for the first time in my life, and I will lend testimony that the disease is as bad as has been claimed. You can't imagine what an awful sensation is produced by riding on a destroyer in a high sea.

Mr. Larned managed to weather the ride, but a Jackie observed my predicament (deleted by censor). He did, and frankly, I would rather sleep on the furniture at the Biltmore. It seemed as though we would never be taken to port, but about 3 o'clock in the morning we were transferred to a small launch and taken to an Irish village. It was raining and cold and we were required to walk three miles along a lonely road to a camp, where we were taken in charge by the Irish soldiers. One of them gave me a coat (my own having gone down and every thing else I owned) and took a man of guard to send him for an automobile to take Larned and I to London-derry, which we reached about 4:30 a. m.

We put up at the hotel, but it was not easy to sleep after what we had witnessed. About five in the afternoon we took a train to Dublin and have been here since.

Everyone has been most generous to us. One of our visitors yesterday was Sir J. Maher, the surgeon general of Ireland, who wanted to send us to a hospital or do anything else that he might.

Representatives of the American consul also called and cabled to the department for us.

The hospitality of Ireland is of a genuine quality. Larned and I are ready to testify.

We expect to remain here until my cold is better. The we are going to London, thence to France and probably to Italy. With good luck we should return about the first of April. I hope that our wires reached you in time to prevent alarm at our safety. We are not anxious to have another experience like that of Tuesday night. I trust that all other American ships will escape. Remember me to all.

Substitutes For Wheat Flour On Hand

Barley Flour, 24½ pound	2.00
at	
Buckwheat Flour, 10-pound sack	95c
at	
Roller Oats,	8c
per pound	
Roller Oats in	30c
packages	
Best Head Rice	12c
at	
Blend Potato Flour	13c
at	
Corn Starch	13c
at	
Package Corn Meal	13c
at	
Corn Puffs	15c
at	
Corn Flakes	13c
at	
Post Toasties	13c
at	
Puffed Rice	13c
at	
Farmhouse Bran	13c
at	
"Aunt Jemima" Buckwheat Flour	15c
at	
"Aunt Jemima" Pancake Flour	15c
at	
CORNMEAL in large packages in transit.	

Crystal Falls Co-Op. Soc.
Member of United States Food Administration

Tea and Coffee Bargains

Everyone knows the "White House" brand of Teas and Coffees. The same people that put "White House" on the market puts out the "Tip Top" brand, a cheaper one but still a very excellent article.

We have a big line of these teas and coffees which we want to work off. They are piled up on our bargain counter and for the next week we offer

White House Coffee 45c per pound
White House tea 30c per half pound
Tip Top coffee 35c per pound
Tip Top tea 25c per half pound

The John Tufts Co.

Another Week Of Success

OUR SPECIAL THIS WEEK IS

Mazola Cooking Oil, ½ gal. \$1.30
1 Quart 75c

Our Cash and Carry system is growing with each succeeding week. Last week's business was the largest yet done in that department. Our weekly BARGAINS are such that you can't afford to pass them up.

Sauerkraut, in two-pound cans	15c
Asparagus, in one-pound cans	18c
"Ocean" brand Pumpkin two-pound cans	16c
Lye Hominy, two-pound cans	11c
Succotash, 1½-pound cans	18c
Table Beets, two-pound cans	16c
Spinach in two-pound cans	23c

Remember, our Cash and Carry is in a separate store.

FINNISH & SWEDISH
Mercantile Association